THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 175.

'For great perfections are like heav'n,
'Too rich a present to be given;
'Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
'To be perform'd without hard duty,
'Which when they're nobly done and well,
'The simple natural, excel.
'How fair and sweet the planted rose,
'Beyond the wild, in ridges, grows!
'For without art the noblest seeds
'Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.'
BUTLER.

THE maxim of Cato has of late been completely without a professor, and the French principle, *mieux être que paraître*, is now regarded with wonder by an incredulous world, which has advanced too far in the arts of refinement and elegance, not to know that appearances are to be consulted before realities. Style has thrown off its Spartan brevity, since wise men have learned that arguments are never efficacious without the polish of artificial ornament; modern edifices are constructed rather with a design to dazzle the fancy than to gratify a Gothic taste, or to afford the obsolete advantages of convenience and stability; and in the decorations which grace the belle or dignify the courtier, not excellence, but magnificence is consulted. Why then should the mind display its native deficiencies, while those of every inferior object are concealed by an impenetrable veil? Proportionably to the progress of time, does the world advance in accomplishments, or rather, does it recede from that humility, which characterizes savage life. In every thing, therefore, it should be our endeavour to avoid an approach to other animals—to adorn our manners with apparent philanthropy, and our countenance with eternal smiles, as we do our persons with the habiliments of fashion: we should be able, where our interests require, to receive with open arms the worst of men, and welcome with cordiality those for whom we entertain the deadliest enmity.

An illustrious ancestor of mine, from whom I am not separated by many generations, has certainly benefited mankind by his directions and example, in the art of concealing the natural feelings of the soul, more than ever did the Stagyrite by his discoveries in philosophy or his disquisitions on moral science. To point out an agreeable path to respectability and honors, which had before been attained by the thorny road of candor and sincerity, was a task worthy of immortal fame. If in the way he sometimes trampled on insulted virtue, or violated the precepts of a stale morality, these trifling inconveniences were soon forgotten, when the *means* were sanctified by the reward that waited on the glorious *end*.

The principles of good breeding are not to be found in the catalogue of nature; a disregard to their dictates would not only involve us in continual

broils, but would interpose an insuperable bar to the progress of refinement, and the improvements in knowledge; and, if good breeding and natural conduct are opposed to each other, we cannot surely hesitate which to choose. What wretches should we be, if the feelings, uncontroled by art, were allowed the free expression—if every one declared the sentiments which actuated his soul—and if the most pure and virtuous were unable to enter a circle of their companions without hearing their peccadillo's tingling in their ears—Happier should we be, if every face were dressed in smiles, and if the deadliest hate could sting the soul without interrupting conviviality, or injuring the beneficence of man towards man.

Eugenio is a scholar; he possesses a strong natural understanding—he has adorned his mind with study and cultivation—but a bookworm is not a favorite with the ladies, and Eugenio ever wishes to appear a rake: "he talks of beauties that he never saw, and boasts of raptures that he never felt." His scholastic improvements delight him in his closet, but in public he conceals them under a load of fashion and of folly; his artifice gains him admiration where he most desires it, his deceit gratifies his companions and pleases himself. Julius, on the other hand, is deficient in every mental endowment; his mind was never illumined by a single ray of science, nor did the voice of misery ever persuade him to a deed of charity: he has sufficient cunning never to expose himself by making an unnecessary observation; by soothing the greedy ear of power with flattery, he obtains applause; by distilling words of kindness from his tongue, he conceals the vices of his heart. A cynic would declare Eugenio to be full of affectation; he would term Julius a hypocrite: on one Johnson would bestow the imputation of folly; on the other of vice: but better judges of human nature, and less illiberal observers of conduct, would resolve their impulses into politeness and ambition. Hypocrisy is a word invented by malice, incorrectly used, and ever misunderstood; its meaning is vague and undetermined, and the characters of those to whom it is applied are so various, and often so respectable, that I could wish it were thrown out of the language as an empty term. As to affectation, it would be difficult to point out many who have not ranked themselves under its banners, and practically become its most devoted slaves. Paradoxical as it may seem, I contend that in so doing they obey the dictates of reason: for if we possess a character already, why mispend time in its acquisition? As well might the wretched native of Nova-Zembla construct his habitation of ice, because he is constitutionally able to bear the rigors of eternal winter; or the inhabitants under the equinoctial line spread their couches in the solar rays, to increase the ardours of a torrid zone. If *one* character be given us by nature, (as some contend) we add to our greatness by giving ourselves *another;* and if by seeming that which we are not, we attain the ends of ambition and desire, let the narrow minded world say what it will. Cicero, we are told, was directed by the Delphic god to *pursue the bent of nature;* Cicero it is true became an orator: but had the Athenian Tully been deterred by the natural obstacles which opposed him, his fame had never reached the present age. So with every thing in life; strip from the wisest and the best the trappings of art, and their excellence exists no more—let a *villain smile,* and his guilt is soon forgotten.

STANHOPE.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

An Inaugural Oration, delivered at the author's installation as Boylston Professor of Rhetorick and Oratory at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Thursday, 12th June, 1806. By John Quincey Adams.....ἵνα τ'ἄνδρες ἀριστερπέες τελέθουσι. Published at the request of the students. Boston, printed at the Anthology Office, by Munroe and Francis, 1806.

IN no respect is the contrast between ancient and modern literature so striking as in what relates to the art of oratory. In other departments of science, modern Europeans may vie with the

remains of Greece and Rome; but, the superiority of the latter in eloquence, stands without rivalship or dispute.

Some of the causes of this superiority have been frequently the subject of remark. The free government of Greece and Rome which admitted all or a large portion of the citizens to a share in the public deliberations and left full scope to genius; the correct taste which pervaded the community in general, and made them just critics of style and language; the important and elevated subjects which occupied the attention of the orator, and which were calculated to interest every feeling and call forth every power of genius, all combined to make eloquence the great engine of influence and power, and to exact from her votaries the utmost degree of elegance and grandeur.

Hence schools of eloquence were early instituted, and teachers of rhetoric were the most necessary masters of youth. The intended orator was made acquainted with his art, not by the solitary study of books or treatises, nor even by mere lectures read by an instructor, but was given into the hands of a professor who exercised him in reading, declaiming and contending. And what was best calculated for improvement, the most eminent orators were themselves masters, who at the same time that they impressed their pupils with the principles of their art, were a living model for their example and imitation. Of all the arts, indeed, oratory most requires the aid of a living voice. The graces of gesture and action, of pronunciation and delivery, which form the soul of it, can never be learned from solitary study, and can be attained only by imitation of the purest models.

If these remarks are just, we may congratulate ourselves upon the plan of lecturing on rhetoric and oratory commenced by the present Boylston professor; which, though it does not yet reach all that could be wished, is calculated to remove many former impediments in the way of the student, and to stimulate and direct his future efforts. There is an ample field open to the professor in selecting and digesting those rules, which now lie hidden in the dead languages, and are scattered through numerous volumes, into a system more applicable than any extant to the actual situation of our own country.

The oration before us is but the introduction to the series of lectures intended to be given to the students of Harvard. For although, as appears from the oration, the fund for the support of the professorship was constituted some years since, Mr. Adams is the first who has been appointed to perform its duties.

"Nearly two centuries" (says Mr. Adams) "have elapsed since the foundation of this university. There never existed a people more anxious to bestow upon their children the advantages of education than our venerable forefathers; and the name of Harvard is coeval with the first settlement of New-England. Their immediate and remote descendants, down to this day, have inherited and transmitted the same laudable ardour, and numerous foundations of various kinds attest their attachment to science and literature: yet, so far have rhetoric and oratory been from enjoying a pre-eminence in their system of education, that they are now, for the first time, made a separate branch of instruction, and I stand here to assume the duties of the first instructor. The establishment of an institution for the purpose was reserved for the name of Boylston: a name which, if public benefits can impart a title to remembrance, New-England will not easily forget; a name, to the benevolence, public spirit, and genuine patriotism of which, this university, the neighbouring metropolis, and this whole nation have long had, and still have many reasons to attest: a name less distinguished by stations of splendour than by deeds of virtue: and better known to this people by blessings enjoyed, than by favours granted: a name, in fine, which if not encircled with the external radiance of popularity, beams, brightly beams with the inward lustre of beneficence. The institution itself is not of recent date. One generation of mankind, according to the

usual estimates of human life, has gone by, since the donation of Nicholas Boylston constituted the fund for the support of this professorship. The misfortunes which befel the university, consequent upon our revolution and other causes, have concurred in delaying the execution of his intentions until the present time; and even now they have the prospect of little more than honest zeal for their accomplishment."

So much for the plan. We shall proceed to select some passages which will give some idea of the topics handled by the author, as well as of his style and manner.—The description of Eloquence, at her resuscitation among the moderns, appears to have had much of the author's attention.

"At the revival of letters in Modern Europe, Eloquence, together with her sister Muses, awoke and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins: In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumphs were either deserted, or they were filled with the babblers of sophistry and chicane. She shrunk intuitively from the forum; for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero planted on the rostrum. She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child Persuasion manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her; she lost all confidence in herself; together with her irresistible powers she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of education, she found herself excluded from the circle of sciences, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning. She was not however doomed to eternal silence; with the progress of freedom and liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of their parliaments. With labour and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigour."

The address to the students, though less figurative, and apparently less laboured than the foregoing, is much more simple and impressive.

"Sons of Harvard! you who are ascending with painful step and persevering toil the eminence of science, to prepare yourselves for the various functions and employments of the world before you, it cannot be necessary to urge upon you the importance of the art concerning which I am speaking. Is it the purpose of your future life to minister in the temples of Almighty God, to be the messenger of heaven upon earth, to enlighten with the torch of eternal truth the path of your fellow mortals to brighter worlds? Remember the reason assigned for the appointment of Aaron to that ministry which you purpose to assume upon yourself: —I KNOW THAT HE CAN SPEAK WELL; and in this testimonial of omnipotence receive the injunction of your duty. Is it your intention to devote the labours of your maturity to the cause of justice; to defend the persons, the property, and the peace of your fellow citizens from the open assaults of violence and the secret encroachments of fraud? Fill the fountains of your eloquence from inexhaustible sources, that their streams, when they shall begin to flow, may themselves prove inexhaustible. Is there among you a youth whose bosom burns with the fires of honourable ambition; who aspires to immortalize his name by the extent and importance of his services to his country; whose visions of futurity glow with the hope of presiding in her councils, of directing her affairs, of appearing to future ages in the rolls of fame, as her ornament and pride? Let him catch from the relics of ancient oratory those unresisted powers which mould

the mind of man to the will of the speaker, and yield the guidance of a nation to the dominion of the voice."

Mr. Adams enters in some degree into the causes of the superiority of ancient eloquence, and assigns as a principal ground the circumstance of the assemblies of the people, of the select councils, or of the senate in Athens and Rome being held for the purpose of real deliberation; whereas in modern Europe corruption here in the form of executive influence, there in the guise of party spirit, has crippled the sublimest efforts of oratory, and the votes upon questions of magnitude are all told long before the questions themselves are submitted to discussion.

The cause however lies deeper than this, since the inferiority of modern eloquence is not confined to the deliberative kind, but extends to every department of oratory. And one fact, that seems strongly opposed to the author's conclusions is, that the finest specimens of ancient oratory are of the judicial kind; though the Roman courts in the age of Cicero, the great æra of eloquence, had arrived at a high pitch of corruption. We are inclined too to think, that though the assemblies of the people were not subject to the influence of executive corruption as understood and practised in modern times, yet that the dominion of powerful leaders, as well as of gold, as often operated in securing majorities. It is notorious that the money of Philip did more in conquering the Greeks than the strength of his phalanx. And the sublimest efforts of the genius of Demosthenes were exerted, though without success, in stemming the tide of corruption, and calling his countrymen back to those principles of courage and patriotism which had animated their forefathers. And surely modern governments have seldom equalled the ancients in the violence and extent of party spirit.

Nor can we agree with Mr. Adams in another observation, that the exercises of religion alone have in the latter ages furnished discourses which remind us that eloquence is yet a faculty of the human mind. To what discourses in the English language will the orator direct us for these superior specimens of eloquence. To the works of Barrow, Tillotson or Blair? They exhibit strength of genius, extensive learning, and great command of language. But are not these men far eclipsed in the requisites of oratory by many who have shone in the senate as well as at the bar; by Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Erskine, or Curran?

The style of Mr. Adams is, in general, perspicuous and correct; though throughout too measured and stately. It preserves an uniform level; seldom disappointing us, though never surprising the reader with any of those fine flights of genius or peculiar happiness of expression, upon which he pauses with rapture and dwells with transport. We noted in the perusal, some phrases which might easily be altered for the better. "*Many a person*" followed by the pronoun in the plural is, to say the least, of doubtful propriety. In the paragraph we have quoted, "*access to mingle*" is harsh and tautologous. "Corruption *here* in the form of executive influence, *there* in the guise of party spirit, has *crippled* the sublimest efforts of oratory, and the votes upon questions of magnitude to the interest of nations are all *told*," &c. is in a style below the dignity of the subject.

We take leave of the author with a hope and belief that his future exertions will answer the great purpose of his professorship, and reward him with an ample share of gratitude and fame. And indeed this specimen, as well as his high reputation, encourage us to expect that his plan will have all the aids of industry and genius, and will furnish a practical system of oratory founded on those first principles, which the brightest geniuses of antiquity have invented, and the lapse of ages approved. M.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[For the following sketch of a man of learning and genius, who, like Chatterton and Ireland, chose to wear a *vizor* in his literary walk, we are indebted to the com-

pilers of the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*. In translating this article the Editor has not servilely followed the original, but, in one or two places, endeavoured to make his author express himself as though he were writing this biography in the English idiom. For a more minute detail of the adventures of this literary *charlatan*, the curious reader is referred to Psalmanazar himself, who, in a very entertaining narrative, now become scarce, has *artlessly* described all his *artifice*.]

George Psalmanazar, an impostor of singular effrontery, was born in the south of France, and died in London, at the age of sixty-five, in the year 1763. He commenced his studies at a convent, but disgusted with monkish jargon, he offered himself as a preceptor to a lady whose character resembled that of the wife of *Potiphar*. This wanton dame finding that Psalmanazar was another *Joseph*, turned him out of doors. He then wandered through divers provinces in France, and acted the part sometimes of a Roman Catholic, persecuted by the Protestants, and sometimes of an Irish Catholic, persecuted by his brethren. Tired, at length, of this trick, his fruitful imagination projected another. Recollecting what he had read and heard of the orientals, he invented a new alphabet and a new language, and a system of ethics, religion, and government of a description altogether extraordinary. He then personated the character of a native of Japan, converted to Christianity, and in this disguise traversed a considerable portion of Germany and the Low Countries. But this new project failing, he was fain to enlist as a common soldier in the Scottish service. The chaplain of the regiment resolving to share with him in the profits of imposture, undertook to make him a proselyte to episcopacy, and found the pliant Psalmanazar very docile to his instructions. He employed him to translate into the pretended language of Japan the Westminster catechism. The chaplain, after having represented to the bishop of London that the narrative of this mock Japanese might be implicitly relied on, gave that prelate the manuscript. The credulous churchman deposited it in his library as a great curiosity, and rewarded the cheat. Soon after Psalmanazar composed his famous romance, entitled "*A Description of the Island of Formosa.*" This ingenious fable for some time divided the opinion of the learned world, and editions of it were published in various languages. The French translation in duodecimo is the best. Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history, this impostor applied himself to the study of the oriental tongues, and rendered himself so skilful in Hebrew, that he became a member of a confederacy of scholars, who published that learned, though sometimes uncouth and ill digested, compilation, entitled "*The Universal History*," of which the greatest portion of the *ancient* history is from the pen of Psalmanazar. After devoting the decline of his days to retirement and study, he concluded his farce of life by an act of truth and sincerity. On his death bed he left for publication a manuscript containing a round unvarnished tale of his adventures, and of those forgeries by whose aid he had so artfully excited the curiosity, and abused the credulity, of mankind.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[In Aikin's Geographical Delineations there occurs so just and so elegant a sketch of the French national character, that we are convinced our giving it a place in the Port Folio will be as agreeable to the public as to the editor. The opinion expressed at the close of the article, we should have hardly expected from Dr. Aikin, whose politics are by no means so pure and correct as his style. But all-imperious Truth will sometimes vanquish the most obstinate prejudice. So far are the French from being peculiarly capable of the blessings of a free constitution, that we may go farther, and say, that no nation is capable of being happy, no not for an hour, under any such constitutions as we have seen from the hands of republican mountebanks.]

"A country so well adapted to the residence of man, has from early times possessed a large population, and been inured to all the forms and institutions of civil life. The French people are chiefly a compound of Celtic and Go-

thic stock; but the long continuance of the Roman dominion in Gaul must have given a strong Italian infusion, since it was able to introduce a language with a Latin basis. But, whatever were the diversities of origin, the natives of France have amalgamated into a mass possessing a national character, as distinct and clearly marked as that of any numerous community in the civilized parts of the globe. The essence of this character is an exuberance of animal spirits, producing excess of mobility and a perpetual restless activity. They are quick, ingenious, inventive, fertile in expedients, buoyant against difficulty or adversity; but mutable, trifling, confident, vain, credulous, and incapable of moderation. With much that renders them amiable in society, as readiness to oblige, delicate attentions, kind sympathy and lively sensibility, they are often of insecure commerce, from laxity of principle, unmeaning professions, jealous irritability, and a strong propensity to intrigue. Their feelings of every kind verge to excess; and there is nothing, either good or bad, of which they are not capable, under the influence of their impetuous ardour. No cabinet has excited so much disturbance among the neighbouring states, from ambition and the spirit of intermeddling, as that of France; and we have seen that no change of political system at home has made an alteration in their foreign polity. The French, beyond all people, are the creatures of society; by it their manners and sentiments are fashioned, and in it are centered their chief pleasures and gratifications. They would excel all nations in the art of conversation, were not the desire of shining too universal. The love of glory operates upon them with extraordinary force, and stimulates them to great exertions; but it is often attended with empty ostentation and gasconade.

"Although a passion for novelty is apt to lead them into a multiplicity and rapid change of pursuits, yet they are capable of long and steady application, when deeply interested in an object; and in every department of science and art they have attained a high degree of perfection. Even the mathematical sciences have been cultivated by them with a success not inferior to that of any other nation. Their writers have rendered their language familiar to the lovers of literature throughout Europe, and in the value of their productions they have no equals among the moderns, with the sole exception of the English. Their taste in letters is, upon the whole, purer than in the fine arts, in which they are generally marked by superabundance of ornament and an affected manner. In some of the inferior arts, indeed, they are unrivalled. They supply dancers and cooks to all Europe, and are the supreme arbiters of fashion in dress.

"The French, naturally inquisitive, and prone to discussion, had proceeded far in emancipating their minds from the shackles of an arbitrary system of government and religion, before any correspondent change had taken place in their public institutions: at the same time, refined luxury and general dissipation had relaxed the bands of morality and accumulated abuse and disorder in every department. Financial difficulties brought on a necessity for reform; and when the idea of change was once admitted, it was not in the national character to proceed in it with caution and moderation. Violent struggles between old and new principles terminated in a revolution, in which monarchy, established religion, and every institution sanctioned by age and veneration went to wreck. The events of this dreadful period displayed prodigious energy in the nation, but accompanied by a ferocity and disregard of justice and humanity, which involved the cause of reform and its supporters in indelible disgrace. A host of foreign foes united to suppress the dangerous flame, or to make advantage of the confusion; but the vigour of the new republic not only resisted all assaults, but carried its conquering arms into the surrounding countries, and finally extended the limits of France farther than her most ambitious monarchs had ever attempted. This success, however, was produced by exertions of authority, which subverted

every thing free or republican in the constitution, and prepared the way for a military despotism. The most successful of the generals, a man of a daring genius, and capacious views, seized the reins; and first under the title of Chief Consul exercised, without controul, the authority of the *nominal* republic. Europe has since witnessed the astonishing spectacle of the same man, an obscure Corsican by birth, causing himself to be declared Emperor, with hereditary succession in his own family, crowned by the Pope, recognized by all orders of the state, and thus founding a new dynasty, while the Bourbons are wandering from country to country as exiles. The Roman Catholic religion has been re-established; a kind of new nobility has been instituted, arbitrary government and all the pageantry of a court have been restored; and it seems at present to be an allowed political maxim, that THE FRENCH ARE INCAPABLE OF THE BLESSINGS OF A FREE CONSTITUTION."

For the Port Folio.

[In the ensuing epistle, from a poet to his sister, the genius of the Bard and the charities of the Brother are nobly displayed.]

TO MISS M——E.

FROM NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, NOV. 1803.

In days, my KATE, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And blest them into pure repose!
Then, haply, if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!
Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye;
And oh! even then, that darling seal,
(Upon whose print I used to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of loved lips, still freshly there!)
Must come, alas! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late,
When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness, may be chill'd!
But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate! the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dies!
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
From every wild elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world!

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there!
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
At once, the mighty wood receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultur'd field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not, if truth will seal
The reveries of fancy's zeal,
If yet, my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace!*
Never did youth, who lov'd a face

* Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky, by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom, had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, how-

From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owlet eye of grey,
Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt,
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have rapt me to this wond'rous clime!

But, courage! yet, my wavering heart,
Blame not the temple's meanest part,*
Till you have trac'd the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting; in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.

The simple notes I send you here,†
Though rude, my love, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought,
In which my mind their murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams,
That lull me oft, when music seems
To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, the according lays
Respir'd the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt a sweet remembrance float,
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!
Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in warble soft!
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its murmurs tell,
Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
The tinge of joy, when joy is fled,
And all the heart's illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restor'd!
Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air,
And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But, when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd isle,‡
You shall have many a cowslip-bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which the gentle spirit drew
From honey-flowers the morning dew!

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ever, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality, to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of Great Britain. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

* Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia, in general, are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived, the yellow-fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation. It is in truth a most disagreeable place, and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in dogs, in negroes, and in democrats. For further particulars see Weld and Liancourt.

† A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this epistle.

‡ Bermuda.

For the Port Folio.

It is as true as it is trite, that examples draw us while precepts only lead, but alas, how few are there in this or perhaps in any country, in whom a young person can at once find an example in regard to manners, morals, and cultivation of mind. How few are there who may be looked up to as models in respect to good breeding, which is little less than a cardinal virtue, and, when emanating from the heart, fully merits this title, being at all events the best and most innocent semblance of virtue.

The basis of good breeding is, that our own immediate gratification is to be secondary to that of those around us. Now when in any society this principle is universally adhered to, no one is a loser, each gives and receives in turn, while conscious superiority elevates the whole, and renders each apparent sacri-

fice an internal gratification. It is in such a society only, that we can ever attain even a temporary realization of those beautiful but imaginary pictures of a golden age, when each individual, regardless of his own good, only sought that of others, for, in lieu of the fancied benefits of an unnatural and improbable abandonment of self-love, by a temporary change in its direction within a limited, but to a sufficient, extent, we produce or enjoy results equally productive of happiness. If such be the effects of good breeding, who would not strive to attain it, but unfortunately, in order to do this, we must have the rare advantage of frequenting a society of well-bred people, for there is no other accomplishment in which it is so difficult for a man to excel his associates. It is to the rapid and short-lived exertions of individuals that nations owe their improvements in science and the arts; but, for their improvement in manners they are indebted to the progressive refinement of societies *en masse*. It is not by the degree of their virtue, talents and learning, that we discover the extraction of men, for in these, by the dint of superior talents, they often excel the society wherein they have been educated. It is our manners which declare our associates; whose co-operation is, in this respect, necessary to our improvement. With ill-bred companies to preserve our own good-breeding, even when confirmed by long habit, is almost impossible; much less can we, while thwarted by those around us, adhere to rules of conduct supported only by precept. Never to interrupt and yet constantly to be interrupted, never to contradict and yet sustain repeated contradiction, always to yield the best place and never to have any but the worst left for us, to be with those who will keep all they have and take all we give, and yet acquire the habits of good breeding, would be more than human nature. From such society as this, such an age of iron, let me fly to that of the first description, let me enchain my fancy to an attractive model, and bend my juvenile habits to a perfect and unalterable accordance.

For the Port Folio.

MR. MOORE'S SKETCH OF THE *IMPERIAL* CITY.

"To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious, and I believe a novel circumstance."

Weld's Travels, Letter IV.

The Federal City, if it must be called a city, has not been much encreased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The Hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the *miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants*. The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of *uncleanly desolation*, which those who *are not philosophers* cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a *very rude pale*, through which a *common rustic stile* introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus and say, τα δε εν απορρητω.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses, which were begun some years ago, have remained so long waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If you think the following scrap passable, please to give it a place in your paper. A.

Miseræ fortunæ solatium perenne,
Cum vapor cæruleus, ex nitida tuba, tabaci
Aere in alto ascendit gyrantibus undis
Et sic circumfusa, sic dissipat curas mordaces.

TRANSLATION.

I seize the snowy tube when fortune lowers,
And own Tobacco's tranquillizing powers;
The azure fumes in circling eddies play,
And with the cloud my cares dissolve away.

For the Port Folio.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in this city, on Tuesday, the 11th of August, in the 42d year of his age, JACOB DRAYTON, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. He came hither for the recovery of his health, but the disease with which he had long struggled took a fatal turn, and he expired a few days after he arrived in this city.

Of this accomplished gentleman it may be said, that his manners were as mild and amiable as his knowledge was liberal and extensive.—The great purpose of his irreproachable life was to fulfil every duty, with zeal, with justice, and with propriety, exercising invariably the utmost devotion and the most considerate kindness to his immediate relatives, and to others, benevolence, charity and good will, without bounds and without display.

It devolved upon one tender and affectionate branch of his family, to watch over the last hours of a brother's life, with anxious care and solicitude: to him she was devoted, by every tie of kindred, affection, and mutual confidence. She will never cease to deplore his loss; with hers will be united the lamentation of every relation and friend —and of his numerous dependents, who will long feel the solemn chasm his too early death has occasioned.

" Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
" Tam chari capitis?"——

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

Some ingenious correspondent, who has done us the honour to peruse the humourous lines of Repton on a *clog*, published in page 303 of our last volume, has sent us a continuation. We have omitted some stanzas, because they were not quite finished, and because they were written in so cramp a hand that we found it impossible to decypher them.

I have look'd at the ballad by Repton,
Exhausting the rhymes upon og,
But yet, methinks he has skipt one,
Which might be resounded with clog.

How strange that one, mounted on Pegasus,
Would not *be* after thinking of *jog*,
Which means slowly moving a leg of his,
And has no connection with clog.

Though Helicon pours us bland liquor,
Yet not quite so mellow as grog,
Which make the conception go quicker,
And has no connection with clog.

So that I excuse the omission;
But why not a little *egg-nog*?*
Which puts one in a sleepy condition,
And has some relation to clog.

A relief from vexation and trouble,
Your poets will oft take a *cog*,
Though sometimes it makes things seem double,
And is to Perception a clog.

Not so with a man, though he guzzles
Of Helicon's streams like a hog.
To find a rhyme more now me puzzles,
And so I will end with a clog.

THE STAGE.

Attached as we are to the nobler efforts of the dramatic art, it is with extreme regret that we learn the approaching departure, for her native country, of Mrs. WHITLOCK, the sister of Mrs. SIDDONS, and the ample sharer of the theatric genius of the KEMBLES. It does but little honour to the taste and patronage of the United States, that an actress of her extraordinary talents should find no inducement capable of detaining her in this part of the world. We are not so affluent in genius like hers, as to be justified in neglecting what is within our reach. In England, she will no

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* The Editor cannot refrain from a smile, when he casts his eye upon this enchanting word, which it is presumed is a legitimate expression in the American vocabulary. This harmonious compound, which is very familiar in the mouths of those *people* who are commonly and contemptuously designated by the description of Yankees, means, a " *gruel thick and slab*," composed of *New-England* rum, a very little water, brown sugar, and the yolks of eggs, the whole forming a sort of mud or slime, of so stupifying and soporiferous a quality that

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world

can emulate its narcotic power. While we were in the lap of our Alma Mater this *classical* beverage, the very reverse of the liquid ruby of the Burgundian vine, was in great request among the gentle students of Harvard College, for *the threefold*† purpose of killing time, driving away chagrin, and dissipating the fog from their learned brows.

† *Vide Vellum in Addison's Drummer, or Haunted House.*

doubt return to a public delighted to see her once more in its theatres, and only displeased that she could ever have forsaken those, by whom she was so warmly admired and liberally rewarded; but, from America, she carries with her a fund of professional excellence, of which the loss can not be easily supplied. The versatility of her powers, combined with her extraordinary and uniform merit, render her an invaluable performer. That she equals her sister, in the more majestic walks of tragedy, is what we by no means assert; but, not to equal Mrs. SIDDONS in this department, is but little disgrace. To be second, to her who is without a rival, is to occupy no middling station. But Mrs. WHITLOCK is not devoted to tragedy alone; in comedy she delights us with all that is elegant or agreeable. Neither the graces nor the virtues of private life are direct claims, it is true, to that favour which is expected only on the score of talent; but, combined with this, they justly and strongly increase our predilection; and in these respects Mrs. WHITLOCK enjoys eminent and honourable distinction. We still indulge a hope that this ornament of the stage may be prevailed upon to remain with us; and, while our first wish is to secure her for our country, our second is to see her on the boards of Philadelphia.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

I was going, says Mons. Furetiere, along the street of S——, when there was a prodigious concourse of carts and coaches, so that they could not pass one another. Not being able to proceed, I stood under a gateway, and saw a priest in a dangerous situation, between the pole of a carriage and the wheels of a cart. He called out vehemently to the coachman and carter not to move forward or they would kill a priest. An artizan, who was near him, and in the like danger observed, Here is a priest, who makes as much noise as I ought to do, who have a wife and four children. 'What do you say?' replied the indignant priest, 'why I have more children than you.'

The celebrated Charles Yorke, who was not less distinguished among his contemporaries, for his acquaintance with Polite Literature, than for his skill in Jurisprudence, is the undoubted author of the following lines.

To a Lady, with a present of Pope's works.

The lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,
While she the giver and the gift disdains.
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
Or whom gay loves with chaste desires attend;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair;
Enough, if the fair volume find access;
Thee the great Poet's lay shall best express;
Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,
Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard;
Sure had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The blush of honour and the grace of truth,
Ne'er with Belinda's charms his verse had glow'd,
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd;
His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
For thee, by virtue and the muse adorned.

Segrais used to say that the title of Academician was the blue ribbon of men of letters. Observing the little attention which the age paid to poets, he used to say that the times were become prosaic.

Paulus Manutius, the famous Venetian printer, was father of the younger Aldus, and the son of the elder. The Cicero of Aldus is a very beautiful work. Over his study door was this inscription. Quisquis es, rogat te Aldus Manutius, ut si quid est, quod sibi velis, perpaucis agas, deinde abeas; nisi tanquam Hercules, defesso Atlanti veneris suppositurus humeros: semper enim erit quod tu agas et quotquot huc attulerint pedes. Stranger, whoever thou art, it is the request of Aldus Manutius, if you have any business

with him, that you will announce it as briefly as possible, and then retire; unless, like another Hercules, you are come to relieve for a while the weary Atlas of his weight: for endless toil awaits you here; and sufficient to employ every party, however numerous, that may choose to enter in.

The following poem is another proof that Mr. Moore has a vein for serious poetry, and that in the pensive hour he can exclaim, "Hence, vain deluding joys."

TO THE FLYING-FISH.*

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!
But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance, which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα νηκτα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

Madame de G. maid of honour to Queen Ann of Austria, was banished from that Princess's presence, for being accused of an intrigue with a young lord of the court. The consequence of that amour was tragical. The medicine she used to procure an abortion proved mortal. On this adventure, Mons. Henault made these verses:

L'AVORTON.

Toi, qui meurs avant que de naître,
Assemblage confus du néant et de l'être,
Triste avorton, informe enfant,
Rebut du néant et de l'être.
Toi, que l'Amour fait par un crime,
Et que l'Honneur défait par un crime à son tour,
Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'honneur funeste victime:
Laisse moi calmer mon ennui,
Et du fond du néant où tu rentres aujourd'hui,
Ne troublé point l'horreur dont ma faute est punie,
Deux tyrans opposés ont décidés ton sort,
L'Amour, malgré l'Honneur, t'a fait donner la vie,
L'Honneur, malgré l'Amour, t'a fait donner la mort.

THE ABORTION.

Being equivocal, whose breath
Was scarcely heard; for hasty Death
Claim'd thee too soon; mysterious creature,
Bereft of human shape and feature!
Offspring of Love, devoid of Shame,
Victim to Honour's guilty claim;
Sunk into nothing whence you rose,
No more my blushing faults expose.
Cease, cease, of crimes the fatal strife,
That caus'd thy death, or gave thee life;
Cease to remind me, gloomy sprite,
Love bade thee live in Honour's spite;
And Honour to that Love a foe,
Has sent thee to the shades below.

These lines appear to us only an expansion of the thought contained in that beautiful epigram inserted in a former number of the Port Folio,

'Twas love that conquer'd shame, &c.

Though Segrais was an academician, and lived always about the court, he never divested himself of his provincial dialect (Caen); which circumstance occasioned a lady to say to a gentleman who was going to travel with Segrais into Normandy, that he would have an excellent guide in his journey, as Segrais perfectly understood the language of the natives.

FROM THE NEWBURYPORT HERALD.

ON MY EARLY GREY HAIRS.

Life's current now ebbs in the course of each vein,
And my high pulse of youth is impair'd;
The gout, through my nerve, in the warnings of pain,
Tells, that pleasure's full bowl should be spar'd
Though season'd by labour, by hardships inur'd
To sustain the rude blasts of each clime,
My grey curling locks to the grave have insur'd
The short voyage on the ocean of Time.

In vision successive, gay Fancy still flies,
Still, her cloud-woven fabrick endears;
But reason, awaken'd, more feelingly cries,
"Thou hast reap'd the full harvest of years."
For the stars at my birth seem'd ill-fated and bleak,
And led me through life's mazy bowers,
Where, no admonitions could forward, or check,
Or point out the thorns from the flowers.
And oft when Misfortune has cross'd my lorn way
Have I solac'd my cares in the bowl;
Yet Honour, while Passion held madly the sway,
Kept the watch in my tumult-toss'd soul.
Seduction ne'er loosen'd my heart's honest splice,
As the wild waves of Passion would roll;
My barque, often lurch'd on the sand-banks of vice,
Again *righted, and wore off the shoal.*
And now, when my day-spring, my blossoms are o'er,
And my hairs like a hoar-frost in June—
I feel no regret, for my barque nears the shore,
Where my head shall regain fresher bloom.

Then wave, ye grey signals, adown my young head;
Your warnings in mercy are given—
To catch, ere the skies of blest summer have fled,
The pure, lasting breezes of heaven.

MARINERO.

'How many cuckolds do you think there are in this street,' says an artizan to his neighbour, 'without counting you?'—'Without counting me!' says his friend angrily, 'I admire your impudence.' 'Well,' replied the artizan, 'how many do you reckon, including yourself?'

The following pointed epigram is from the Quebec Mercury. But we presume, both from the coldness of the climate and the chastity of the ladies, it exhibits more wit than truth.

MR. CARY,

If you think the following imitation of a French epigram (I lately met with) deserving a place in your paper, insert it and oblige your humble servt. L. B.

Quebec, April 12.

A grave Canadian priest to all his band,
Publish'd of late this sanctified command;
"That none should read "*L'Esprit*" and "*La Pucelle*,"
Books by *Voltaire*—that minister of hell!"
To burn these books, so fatal to the church,
His zealous servants thro' the *province* search;
Till one assur'd him (with a serious face)
That he in vain had rummag'd every place;
"Rest, Rev'rend sire, (he cries) for all is well,
Quebec has *no* "*Esprit*" and *few* "*Pucelles!*"

A lady once complained to Segrais of the evil influence of her natal star, which had occasioned her to commit such and such an action against her will. 'Madam,' replied Segrais, awaking from a reverie, 'do you pretend to have a star to yourself? Astronomers tell me that there are not above twenty thousand in all, so you see that every body cannot have a star to himself.' This Segrais uttered with such gravity of manner, that the fair astrologist was ashamed of her philosophy.

The visionary pursuit of the philosopher's stone is well described by M. Bailli. Alchemia est casta meretrix, omnes invitat, neminem admittit: est sine arte ars cujus principium est scire, medium mentiri, finis mendicare. The study of alchymy may be compared to a coquet. She smiles invitation on every one, and grants her favours to no one. It is an art without rules, whose beginning is the semblance of knowledge, whose middle is falshood, and whose end is beggary.

M. Balzac, speaking of the style of Tertullian, said that it resembled ebony, the darkness of which strikes the eye with dazzling splendour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

PARENT of ev'ry bliss! support of man!
Who, whilst thy cares seem wholly bent on earth,
To highest prospects can exalt the soul,
And fit it for sublimest joys in heav'n:
Theme of true sages, Agriculture, hail!
Thee first, thee last, my eager muse shall sing.

And see, where, bursting through the gloom of night,
The solar rays with steady steps advance.
Hark! their approach the feather'd choirs announce
In sweetest notes. The varied melody
Herds, flocks increase: the gallant horse erects
His mane, and neighing, greets th' approaching sun;
With eager hoof he paws the verdant field,
Demands the harness, and prepares to act
His part, on earth's expanded theatre.
Farmer, awake! amid the joyous scene
Art thou alone in sleep's embraces lock'd?
Start from the bed of ease; no show'r impends
To mar thy toil: each harsher wind is hush'd;
Blue is heav'n's canopy, and from the south
Spring sends her breezes forth to cheer thy breast,
Strengthen thy hands, and animate thy toil.
Swift let the plough divide the glebe, and tame
The genius of the soil. On thee depends
A family's support. Thy partner, (she
In beauty's bloom who made that beauty shine,
With thee in cares united as in bliss,)
Stands smiling at the door; around her throng
Her ruddy offspring; one she holds aloft;
To thee directs his eyes, and bids his tongue
In half-form'd accents lisp his father's name

The honor'd plough now rests; earth has receiv'd
The expected harvest; o'er the faithful soil
The harrow travels, and confirms thy hopes.
Farmer! incessant toil awaits thee still,
For, as the tender blade rears its weak head,
Intruding weeds may mock thy toil. The hoe
Now ply with steady skill; each noxious herb
Removing, let the gifts of Ceres bloom
Uninjur'd, unimpeded. O'er thy lands
Thus shall the waving harvest flourish thick,
Without obstruction; and the ripen'd ears
Teeming with happy juices, spread and swell
Luxuriant. Quickly summer's glowing rays
A yellow mantle o'er thy fields shall spread,
And Autumn with his sickle stand, prepar'd
To crown thy labours, and thy garners fill.

From thee, O farmer! now Virginia claims
Ease, plenty, wealth;—from thee each artist hopes
Life's comforts; oft his tender offspring views
With rapture, whilst he blesses thy firm toil,
Which cheers his labours with the cheap repast
And, whilst he wields the axe, the shuttle throws
With dext'rous art, or lifts the pond'rous sledge.
From thee security anticipates;
Proclaims the blessings Agriculture yields,
Labour's firm basis, industry's bright crown!

Farmer! how various are thy cares!—the plough,
The harrow and the sickle, claim a part,
And but a part of thy extended toil.
The vegetable kingdom owns thy sway.
By thee the orchard blooms;—its loaded boughs
Blush redolent; through ether scatt'ring wide
Sweetest perfumes. Oft as the citizen,
Invelop'd long in the town's murky fog,
And breathing air corrupted, sallies forth
To view the beauties of the hill and dale,
The vocal forest, and the teeming glebe—
Unusual transports on his senses rush,
Trade's anxious cares he, for a while, detests,
Beholds with genuine joy the glowing scene,
And, tho' his mind to *art* alone hath bow'd,
Insensibly to *nature* homage pays,
Improv'd by *Industry's* directing hand.
See! how he quaffs the apple's foaming juice,
Or drains the bowl, with home-brew'd ale replete!
Around the stranger flock the infant tribe;
And, whilst the glitt'ring buckle charms their sight,
The shining vest, and gold-encircled hat—
With equal wonder he beholds their cheeks
Glowing in all the luxury of health.
And oft reflects how vain are *his* pursuits,
Who, bent on wealth alone, disdains the fields,
Source of each joy; in cities lives immur'd,
Devotes to sordid pelf each hour, and builds
On trade's false quicksands, hope's illusive tow'rs!—
But soon to avarice his raptures yield:
Returning, commerce he obeys again;
Forgets the farmer's bliss, his golden heaps
Ideal, counts; to the deceitful tide
Of speculation all his blessings trusts;

Nor fickle fortune dreads; till ev'ry hope
Is swallow'd in the gulf of bankruptcy!
Since such thy woes, O trade! by slow degrees
Let me retire from thy deceitful paths.
Once, (when I knew thee not) the rural scene
I priz'd, in rustic sports, and labours blest.
Ye fields, in nature's greenest mantle clad;
Ye forests, gently bending with the breeze;
Ye purling streams that lull'd me to repose;
Ye birds, who wak'd me, joyous as the morn;
Ye herds, ye flocks, my resolution hear!
Let industry's firm hands those chords untie
Which bind me like a slave to drudging trade;—
Then shall I rush to hail the rural scene,
To turn the soil, to reap the gifts of earth,
Nature to follow, through her flow'ry paths,
And speculation's labyrinths detest,
Which, whilst they promise bliss, conduct to woe!

W. P.

EPIGRAMS.

On Lipsius bequeathing his Gown to the Virgin Mary.

A dying *Latinist*, of great renown,
Unto the Virgin Mary left his *gown;*
And was not this false *Latin* so to join
With *female gender* the *case masculine.*

RESIGNATION.

Richard o' th' green, grown old and very poor,
For Sunday's change had but the shirt he wore;
Wakes, fairs, or markets, or whatever came,
He wore his linen, turn'd, but still the same:
Whene'er 'twas wash'd, or when a bleaching spread,
He stripp'd himself, and lay the while in bed,
At last, as drying in the sunshine laid,
Some thief who made no conscience of his trade,
A faithless strip-bush, who ne'er fail'd the sport,
Skulk'd slily by and stole away the shirt.
The good old wife screams out aloud, undone!
O husband, Gaffer, O! thy shirt is gone!
He cries sedate, Peace, fool, is that such news,
Those who have something, they must something lose.

On a Young Lady with a Bosom-friend of Siberian ermine.

To check the blast, to guard thy tender form
From ruthless cold this gentle shield I send,
May heaven afford thee, in each ruder storm,
The warm protection of a bosom Friend.

To a Lady, who turned her cheek to the author, when he went to kiss her.

Is't for a grace, or is't for some dislike,
That, when I'd kiss your lips, you turn your cheek?
Some think this vastly rude in your behaviour,
But I should rather think it as a favour,
For I, to show my kindness and my love,
Would leave both lip and cheek to kiss your glove,
And with the cause to make you full acquainted,
Your glove's perfum'd, your lips and cheeks are painted.

A WIFE'S LAWYER.

Who is that beau—pray tell me, for you know,
Still near your wife? Pray tell me—Who's that beau,
Still pouring nonsense in her glowing ear,
With his right elbow leaning on her chair?
Who on his hand the sparkling brilliant wears,
His hand almost as white and soft as hers?
"That man is, though he now so gay appears,
"A lawyer, who transacts my wife's affairs."
A lawyer that! I vow you make me stare!
Surely lord Foppington 's turn'd practiser!
A lawyer that! you are a precious 'squire,
Fit for a *Gomez*, in the *Spanish Friar!*
Your wife's affairs! Believe me, one so fine
Transacts not *her* affairs, so much as *thine.*

"How long will I love you, if you grant me this favour?"
Prithee tie me not up to such rigid behaviour:
I'll love thee as long and as well as I can;
I expect thee a woman; you'll find me a man.

Virtuous and friendly *Squab* will be
While right and interest can agree,
But, when they differ, do not wonder
If Squab and Virtue are asunder.

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